
Title: Yew Times #32

Author: Yew Town Council

EXPOSURE UPSETS CANDIDATES HOPES

A recent revelation may hurt the election chances for Vesper's candidate for governor, Rufus Elderwyn. Investigations have unearthed Elderwyn's ties to an underground rich boys club that meet covertly on one of Britannia's non-descript islands for a bizarre costumed affair. Activities include dressing up as llamas and being herded, and groomed by other members dressed as shepherds. In the warmer months, llama members would be sheared followed by a trip to the carrot patch as a sort of treat. The group maintained anonymity until outsiders noticed the unusual exchanges between members and decided to investigate further. Publically, members of this group would identify each other by offering some subtle gesture that outsiders might overlook. In this case, one would discretely place both index fingers to the side of his head, and wiggle them playfully. If the second was an affiliate, he would recognize the gesture and follow suit. Sometimes, this would continue for minutes at a time. Then both would gently nuzzle before parting ways. The

general public has not been very affable in embracing this odd cult, and generally categorizes them as a bunch of rich perverts who should be flogged. Elderwyn has remained silent on the allegations.

CURE SOUGHT FOR MAGICAL SYNDROME

Britannia's physicians are taking a serious look at the ongoing affliction that has been plaguing the lives of its magic-using citizens. By now, many are familiar with Krazwell's disease; a condition that strikes veteran mages, that causes them to involuntarily weave magic gestures and utter spell words in the midst of carrying on a normal conversation. Bystanders and loved ones will often find the condition distracting, but mainly look on in pity and concern for those afflicted by this cruel disease. Those afflicted also face concern that others might come to distrust their actions, or shy away from them. Lawrence, an alchemist and veteran mage confided that he would insist that no one speak to him while he works in the laboratory, lest his spoken response trigger a casting-incident and splashing bystanders with some caustic acid or lethal substance that he may be holding. Another individual who agreed to speak anonymously stated that he was always very verbal in the bedroom, but his condition has

adversely affected his love life. Experts in the field are urging those suffering with Krazwell's to not lose hope, because there is a cure in the future, but it might just take a very long time.

OLD FRIENDS PART WAYS

For decades, the locals of Yew have looked on in amusement of an unlikely odd couple that would frequent their taverns and establishments. One being a broad shouldered, towering giant of man by the name of Yorik, and the other following in his shadow, being a bearded fellow no taller than 3 foot high. The little man, whose name is not known, would shuffle vigorously to keep pace with the giant. If any were tempted to make fun of the spectacle, it is certain that the sight of Yorik was enough to make that person hold his tongue. Often they would be seen drinking quietly at the Serpent Cross Tavern; with not a word uttered between the two in that quiet unspoken rapport that exists between old compatriots who know what the other is thinking. Wherever Yorik would go, his little shadow would be right nearby, until this past Thursday, when the tiny man passed away in his sleep. When asked, of how he was coping with

the loss of his diminutive friend, Yorik seemed puzzled. When we explained, Yorik replied, "So, there was a little guy following me around all this time? Hmm, I guess I never noticed him."

ADVERTISEMENTS

Feeling a bit under the weather or maybe just having a bad hair day? We have the solution to whatever ails you at Ulric's Barber Shoppe, just a short hop up the north road from Trinsic. So, whether you fancy a conservative bowl cut, or a just routine delousing, Ulric will deliver. Feeling phlegmatic? Ulric knows just the correct amount of the evil humours to bleed from you to put you right back on your feet. Only Ulric can claim with pride, "I've never bled anyone to death yet, so help me Crom!" And if you are dissatisfied, he will throw some quality leeches on it for good measure. Nothing but the best at this establishment. And, if you are satisfied with the service, tell a friend. And a generous tip wouldn't hurt either.

Looking for an innovative cake decorator, caterer and criminal investigator with a strong forensic background and 16 years of experience? Then look no further than Nan the Sweet, at the Jolly Baker shop in Yew proper. So whether you need to serve a large

party of wedding guests
at a last minute's notice
or to shadow a cheating
spouse, Nan is the one to
call. One satisfied
customer states "Nan
saved my wedding day,
when the other caterer
fell through, and then she
helped me end my fraud
of a marriage two
months later by exposing
my husband's illicit affair.
Thanks, Nan!" Nan is
equally at home at a
crime scene as she is in
the kitchen. 15 time
murderer and Yew Prison
escapee claims "Nan's keen
eye at the murder scenes
and presentation of the
evidence in court put me
behind bars 14 times.
What a gal!" And if you
have doubts whether a
woman can be a talented
investigator and cook; Nan
used her culinary and
investigative skills
recently to avert an
international incident and
the deaths of several
prominent ambassadors.
While catering a
diplomatic affair, Nan
deduced that poison was
added to the ice cubes
and not the drinks, from
which the perpetrator
himself drank during a
toast which he offered.
Not only was the peace
treaty saved, but the
dinner party was flawless
and a smashing success.
So, whether it's a body,
or your daughter's
wedding, remember Nan on
that special day.

HOROSCOPES:

We wish to inform our
readers that our usual
astrologer is at the
healers following an

incident where she was
backed over by a gypsy
cart. We ask that that
those who follow Sorcha's
column send her some
positive energy. Milo, bard
of the wilds, will be
covering for Sorcha in
her absence.

The Peddler-January

Show more care in your
work. Don't be like the
irresponsible beaver who
dropped a 5 ton tree on
that angry, drunk guys
house, and had to live his
life looking over his
shoulder all the time.
Follow mandated safety
guidelines at all times at
the workplace or jobsite.

The Mongbat-February

Try to minimize idle
chatter. Remember the
walrus that got clubbed
to death for being too
annoying.

The Phoenix-March

Reaching past your limits
can have unfortunate
consequences, like the
moth that tried to steal
the candle and thereby
burned down some
stranger's house, which
got blamed on some poor
kid who said that he saw
the candle flying around
the room. Personally, I
don't see a problem with
this. From the moth's
perspective, he isn't very
pro-human anyway, so it's
kind of a win-win thing.
You just got to feel
sorry for the kid.

The Sea Dragon-April

You are far too timid.
Come out of your shell
every once and a while.
Don't forget what
happened to the turtle
that got mistaken for a
rock and mistakenly loaded
into a catapult, but lived
58 seconds of excitement
in those final moments of
life.

The Hermit-May

Try not to be something
that you are not, or
making up misleading
titles. Sort of like candy
corn.. It's not corn. It's
not candy. Are you the
one responsible for making
this inedible stuff?

The Llama-June

When you are having fun,
don't let your enthusiasm
obstruct others, or you'll
end up like the annoying
dolphin who got brained
on the keel of a passing
fishing boat.

The Ancient Wyrn-July

Become familiar with your
strengths and weaknesses
and you won't become a
victim like the alligator
who fell from a tree into
a stake pit trying to
catch the squirrel whose
particular strength was
climbing trees and building
traps of the sharpened
stake pit variety.

The Anvil-August

Try to be more collected
under trying

circumstances. Do you recall the druid who lost her cool and summoned a hurricane on a small coastal fishing village? It turned out that she jumped to conclusions and she had a few spotted mushrooms beforehand that clouded her judgment. I'm not sure if anyone ever found out that she was responsible.

The Weaver-September

Be more open minded to new things. Don't be like that marmot that saw it's reflection for the first time in a mirror, had difficulty coping with the trauma and developed a spit personality.

The Wisp-October

Sometimes it is ok to surrender and accept the things that you cannot change. When the fox got his leg stuck in a trap, he came to the realization that he didn't want to gnaw off his own leg and resigned himself to his destiny of being the best pelt that he could be.

The Unicorn-November

Times will become more difficult down the road. So, be patient like the blind mongbat that was poked by sticks by the local roughnecks and got his final sweet, bloody revenge.

The Wanderer-December

It never pays to be too
cocky. Don't be like that
wannabe pugilist who
thought he was all badass
and tried to punch a
wisp. Boy, that guy ended
up looking like a well-done
steak.